5: Bourne T-5 (1849) 1874
SH5 Tehuelche SH5

mixed with the savages, and a sample of many others; though better viands afterwards varied their monotony, now and then.

The eating being over, a large horn, that had once adorned the head of a Spanish bullock, was dipped into a leathern bucket and passed from one to another. Between the bucket and the horn, the fluid had gained a flavor not found by Adam in his first brewing, and, indeed, not far from nauseating. However, it seemed expedient to "conquer my prejudices" so far as to drink with the other guests, and the ceremonies of dinner were over; for which, "with all other mercies," I felt thankful, and turned to my corner near the expiring fire, to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, in which the latter ingredient decidedly predominated. The strange and sudden desolateness of my condition, the doubtful chances of escape, the possible sufferings before me, the uncertainty that rested on the designs of my savage captors, all rushed upon my mind, and suggested to my heated imagination a host of terrors.

These painful thoughts were interrupted by an order to prepare for the night's repose. An old skin, about two and a half feet square, was thrown upon the cold ground in the back part of our rookery, and assigned for my couch; I took possession accordingly, and the whole family bestowed themselves in a row near me. The stifling atmosphere was soon vocal with their snoring. My brain was too busy for sleep. Feverish fancies kept me wakeful. I revolved a variety of plans for escape. Could I steal out of the hut unperceived? Could I find my way to the shore? I doubted the first, and more than doubted the